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war like that in 1870, in which lots of Frenchmen should be killed."

"Yes, yes."

"And then you would all like to go out to the battle with the warriors, with a gun on your shoulder and a sword by your side?"

"O yes, yes," shouted the whole little "patriotic" crowd with glee; I am giving here the tone to which they have been made accustomed by their friends at home and their other teachers.

And the more I fanned their war spirit, the more joyful, to my great pain, did the whole crowd become, so that I was obliged to laugh bitterly at my great expectation that I should be able under such circumstances to bring about any improvement.

With a sort of despair I looked into all their gleaming eyes; I saw clearly that at that moment every one of them would be delighted to rush out, with his ruler in his hand in lieu of a sword, and prepare to be off for war.

And was there, then, not a single one among the thirty boys, in whom a single spark (of my peace-teaching) had caught?

My eye fell upon a little youngster who, quite different from his comrades, sat there still as a mouse, and was looking straight at me with his big, innocent, surprised eyes.

Perhaps little Rudolf might —— ? He is indeed my darling,—this blond-haired, blue-eyed boy with the shy frank spirit of the North Germans, who, difficult at first to win, afterwards cling with passionate attachment to him who has once secured their full confidence. Might he perhaps have felt, with a child's instinct, that what I had spoken was not true, that the contrary rather was the truth? And I said to him:

"Well, Rudi, you are the only one who is quiet."

Blushing he dropped his eyes.

"Will you not go out with us to battle against the wicked Frenchmen?"

He shook his head without speaking.

I rejoiced inwardly with great joy; yet I artfully put another question to him:

"But why will you alone not go? You are also a 'German' boy, are you not?"

Shyly and hesitatingly he answered, at the same time looking up to me as if imploring my help:

"I do not want to kill any man, and,—'Frenchmen, too, are men,' you told us yesterday."

For joy I could at that moment have pressed the dear little fellow to my heart, so moved and thankful was I over this naïve, innocent confession out of infant lips.

So my words had not been, as I had feared, entirely in vain. They had found an echo in a tender, finely tuned child's soul.

I am entirely satisfied with this first modest success; it has anew given me the strength to go on undiscouraged

in the work of sowing in the fruitful soil of the future — the receptive souls of the children — the seed of peace principles which are to redeem and bless the world.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A party of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?" "Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously, "I fought under General Grant." "Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think — indeed, I am quite sure — I was very near you, one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand — the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work, because I was a sure shot. Then upon the night rang the words —

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created, came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of, until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

We have often wondered, in reading this story, if the singer ever thought of the inconsistency of his being in the war at all. There was enough Christianity present

that night to keep a Southern soldier from shooting him. If the soldier had reported this fact to his commander he would probably have been shot himself. If the Christianity which he had enabled him to violate a common law of war, in order to save a brother, what must have been the case if he had fully known the spirit of Jesus before he enlisted? "When a man looks down a gun barrel and sees a *brother* at the other end, the gun drops," we heard a speaker say not long since. But Jesus Christ teaches us that every man is our brother. To shoot any man, even an enemy, is to kill a brother for whom Christ died.

NEW YEAR.

WELCOME.

Come in, New Year, come in!
Thy face is fair from brow to chin;
Thy eyes are laid with rings of light;
Thy breath is fresh as morning bright;
Two roses red thy glowing cheeks;
What is it, pray, thy presence speaks?

RESPONSE.

Good friend, thou knowest not my power?
Who left thy door at midnight's hour?
Each year I come, each year depart;
Changes my garb, not so my heart;
Once more the light of hope I bring,
Which turns bleak winter into spring.

WHITTIER AND "OLD BUTLER."

Mr. Whittier's biographer, Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, tells the following story of the poet Whittier's love of animals and of their affection for him:

"The boys delighted in petting the oxen, which were large ones, and seemed to appreciate all the kindness that was shown them. They were named 'Buck' and 'Old Butler.' On the hill was one oak so much larger than all the rest that it was called 'The Oak.' As the oxen lay chewing their cuds under this tree, the boys would often sit on their foreheads and lean on their horns as on an armchair. Although always disposed to tease his pets, Whittier secured the love of every living thing that came under his care. 'Old Butler' once saved his life by a remarkable exhibition of strength, and by what would be called 'presence of mind' if shown by a man. One side of Job's Hill is exceedingly steep—too steep for such an unwieldy animal as an ox to descend rapidly in safety. Greenleaf went to the pasture one day with a bag of salt for the cattle, and 'Old Butler,' from the brow of the hill, recognized him, and knew his errand. As the boy was bent over, shaking the salt out of the bag, the ox came down the hill toward him with flying leaps, and his speed was so great that he could not check himself. He would have crushed his young master, but by a supreme effort, gathering himself together at the right moment, the noble creature leaped straight out into the air, over the head of the boy, and came to the ground far below with a tremendous concussion, and without serious injury to himself."

THE MAGAZINES AND PAPERS.

PHILADELPHIA METHODIST.

Who is My Neighbor?

The Word of God very particularly and emphatically teaches us who is our neighbor, and makes our duty towards him very plain. We have had this word—the New Testament part of it—for nearly nineteen hundred years, but so slow have we been to accept its teaching in respect to our neighbor, that the Christian Church of to-day does not occupy a much different plane from that occupied by the Jewish Church in Christ's time. We love those who love us. We give to those who give to us. If anyone should offend us at home, in our circle of friends, in our city, in our State, in our nation, we stand up as patriotic citizens full of passion and fight, forgetting that we are God's creatures and profess to put our trust in Him, and possess inestimable privileges because of His love for us and for the race.

God tells us that we are to love not simply our friends, but our enemies; that we are to bless them that curse us; do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that spitefully use us and persecute us, for thus we are to become children of our Father which is in heaven, of Him who maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. If we love them which love us, what reward have we? Do not even publicans the same? Did not the Jews do as much then and now? Do Christians now do any more?

As members of the Church of our fellowship, we will find that one of the objects sought by our Church is to promote peace and unity. Our teaching is that he is the best Christian who loves the most and best.

How then can it be contended that war is a proper settlement of disputes or quarrels, or that brute force should be a potent factor in upholding honor or maintaining peace among nations? "The world is my parish," was the broad statement of Wesley, and that thought has come to the people called Methodists, and with it that the world may be overcome, but overcome by love. But how quickly in action we leave these simple, plain truths, and, aglow with patriotism, resent an insult to the national flag with thoughts of militiamen and the regular army?

In these days of international arbitration, of treaty stipulations providing for the peaceful adjustment of differences between nations by a judicial tribunal, can we not advance more rapidly in practical Christian living, and approach more nearly the teachings of the Master in these regards? Let us try it. Let us pray for it. Let us do what we can thus to advance the cause of the Prince of Peace.—*John Branson.*

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

Also, in the conflicts between nations, Christ is to be the peace. It has been the custom of nations from time immemorial, when difficulties sprang up between them, to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. The great warring empires of China and Japan are a conspicuous instance in the present. The heart sickens at the thought of the world's battle fields, and yearns for the coming of that bright day of the Lord in which all strife shall cease. And our assurance of its coming rests on Christ—the Prince of Peace. The idea of peace, of profound, uni-